

# THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

## OUR FAMILY DINES

Chapter CXXIV.

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The dinner table seemed charged with electricity last night when Dick's family took dinner with us. I came to the conclusion that most of the complexities of married life are furnished by the "in-laws."

Poor old Dad looked tired after his long day at his office, and mother's fretfulness and criticism of everything, including food and lights in the dining room, did not add to the hilarity of the occasion.

Dick seemed quite happy, but he kept looking at me in a rather questioning manner and I knew he had something on his mind. Mollie had insisted upon wearing her recently purchased hat down to the table, and nothing in the way of approaching family jars was allowed to interfere with her enjoyment of the occasion.

"How do you like my hat, Dick?" she asked and then added: "Margie gave it to me."

"Margaret had better keep her money," said Mother Waverly rather spitefully, but Dick looked gratefully at me and said: "It's bully, Mollie. Did Margie get one for herself?"

"Yes," I answered. "I'll show it to you after dinner."

Then there fell an uncomfortable silence, for we seemed to have no subject on tap that would interest us all.

As we were waiting

As we were eating our dessert, little Mrs. Brown came over to our table and purposely—I shall always think—threw a bomb right into the middle of our not very pleasant family party. "I want to ask you, my dear Mrs. Waverly, if it be true that Mr. Waverly's brother is going to marry that pretty chorus girl, Miss Dunlap, who was here with the Elsie Janis company?"

Mother Waverly gasped and Dad snorted, Aunt Mary looked pained, Mollie surprised and Dick mad all through.

"I am sure I don't know, Mrs. Brown," I answered as composedly as I could. "He has not announced it yet to his family."

"Well, you know my brother's boy is in the same frat house as your brother and he wrote home that Jack is just crazy over the little Dunlap girl and they are going to be married just the minute he graduates."

"Your nephew seems to know more about it than his family, Mrs. Brown," said Mother Waverly icily.

When Mrs. Brown left, Aunt Mary looked up and said: "What an uncomfortable woman."

"You've struck it," said Dick as we left the table.

As soon as we got upstairs mother turned to Dick and said: "What do you know about this, Dick?"

"Nothing," answered Dick, with a quick glance at me. "Jack wrote Margie a while ago that he thought Miss Dunlap a very nice girl and asked her to call upon the young lady when the company came here."

"You didn't do it?" remarked mother in consternation.

"I certainly did," was my reply, "and I found Miss Dunlap a very nice girl, indeed. Ellene Symone and I had her at dinner and tea."

"Well, I never expected that any one of my family would associate with chorus girls," mother said, with a funny assumption of dignity, "and I think, Margie, you should have consulted me before you did anything of the kind at the instance of that harum scarum boy. What if Mollie had met her while she was with you?"

Again my quick temper got the best of me and I rejoined: "I think I have seen her with worse."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)